

MARVEL
TEAM-UP

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MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING:

SPIDER-MAN AND HAWKEYE™

ACTION
YOU WANT?
ACTION YOU
GOT!



SHOCK
FOLLOWS
SHOCK!

WITHIN THESE PAGES LURKS--
**THE MESSIAH
MACHINE!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **SPIDEY AND HAWKEYE** **TOGETHER!!**

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The MESSIAH MACHINE!

BELOW, THE STREETS ARE ANGRY, DANGEROUS, PROWL-ED BY THOSE WHOSE STOCK-IN-TRADE IS TERROR, THOSE WHO BELIEVE THE SHORTEST WAY TO A FAST BUCK IS THRU THE POCKETBOOKS OF THE INNOCENT.

ABOVE, IN THE DUSKY GREY, POLLUTION-STREAKED SKIES, ONE CAN TRAVEL IN RELATIVE SAFETY-- OR SO THINKS A CERTAIN FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN.



BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THE WEB-SLINGER THINKS WRONG-- AND, IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, HE IS GOING TO DISCOVER THAT FACT-- THE HARD WAY!





"AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, SPIDEY--I QUIT THE AVENGERS A FEW MONTHS BACK-- SET OUT TO PROVE I COULD MAKE IT AS A SINGLE--

"--AND AFTER ANOTHER GROUP GIG FAILED TO PAN OUT--" I TOOK TO PATROLLING THE CITY SOLO TO SEE WHAT I COULD FIND... CRIMEBUSTING-WISE--



*IN AVENGERS #109. --ROY.
*DEFENDERS #7-11. --RT.AGAIN.

"AFTER THREE WEEKS OF STRAIGHT ZERO, I WAS ABOUT TO CHUCK THE WHOLE THING-- WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD IT--



"--THAT LITTLE DITTY THAT'S MUSIC TO A SUPER-HERO'S EARS--

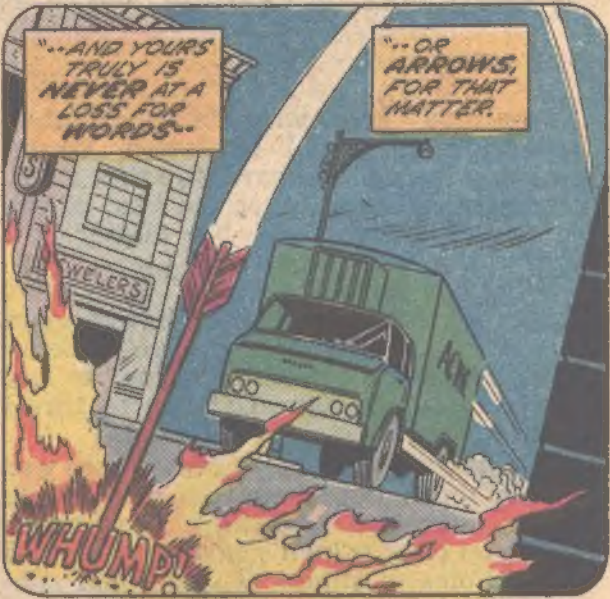


LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S RIPPIN' OFF THAT ELECTRONICS SUPPLY TRUCK--

"--A DESPERATE CRY FOR HELP!



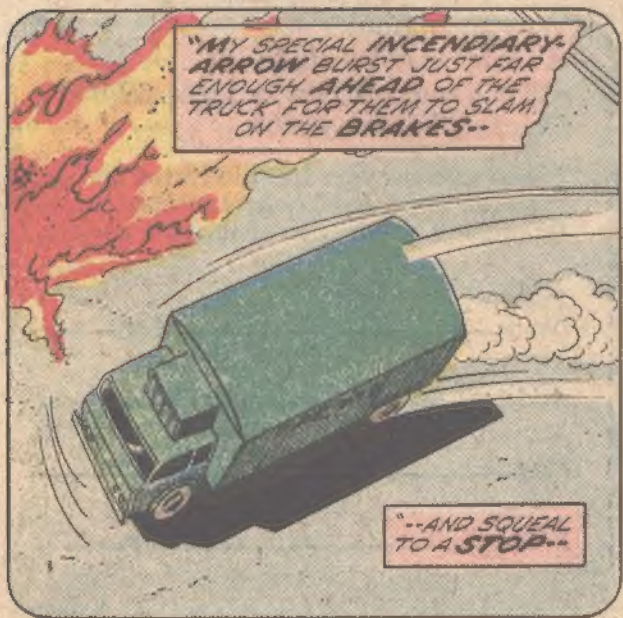
--BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA GET VERY FAR IF OL' HAWKEYE HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT--



"--AND YOURS TRULY IS NEVER AT A LOSS FOR WORDS--

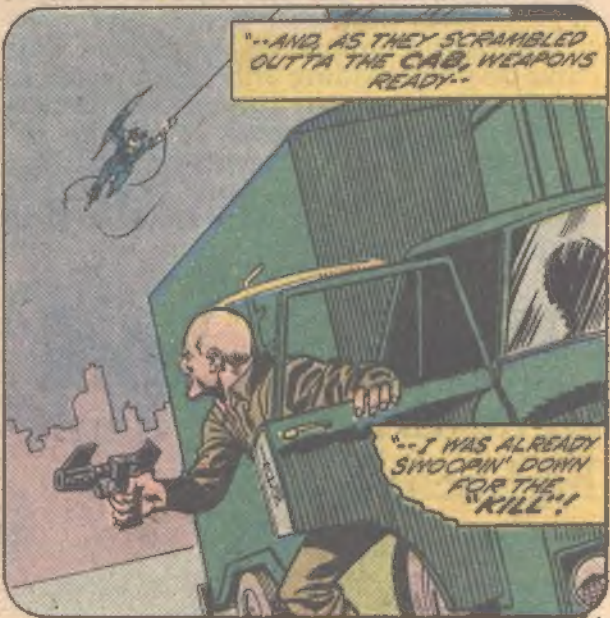
"--OR ARROWS, FOR THAT MATTER.

WHUMPH!



"MY SPECIAL INCENDIARY ARROW BURST JUST FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF THE TRUCK FOR THEM TO SLAM ON THE BRAKES--

"--AND SQUEAL TO A STOP--



"--AND AS THEY SCRAMBLED OUTTA THE CAB, WEAPONS READY--

"--I WAS ALREADY SWOOPIN' DOWN FOR THE KILL!"

"A STUN-ARROW FLATTENED THE FIRST BADDIE BEFORE HE COULD SQUEEZE OFF A SHOT--



"--BUT I WAS STARTLED FOR AN INSTANT AS BADDIE NUMBER TWO CAME SNARLING OUTTA THE TRUCK--!



"EVEN AS THE SECOND BALDY MOVED ON ME, I SHOOK OFF MY SURPRISE--



"--AND WATCHED MY SHAFT PLUG UP HIS GUN-BARREL JUST AS HE PULLED THE TRIGGER--



"--WHICH HAD THE EXPECTED EFFECT--



"--BUT A MOST UNEXPECTED RESULT--!



"THE CREEPS I WAS FIGHTING WERE-- ROBOTS!



"--AND BEFORE I COULD PICK MY JAW UP OFF THE STREET, A NERVE-BLAST CAUGHT ME A GOOD ONE."



"I SANK TO MY KNEES, STRUGGLING TO SHAKE OFF THE EFFECTS OF THE BLAST, AS MY SPARRING PARTNERS CLAMBERED BACK INTO THE TRUCK--

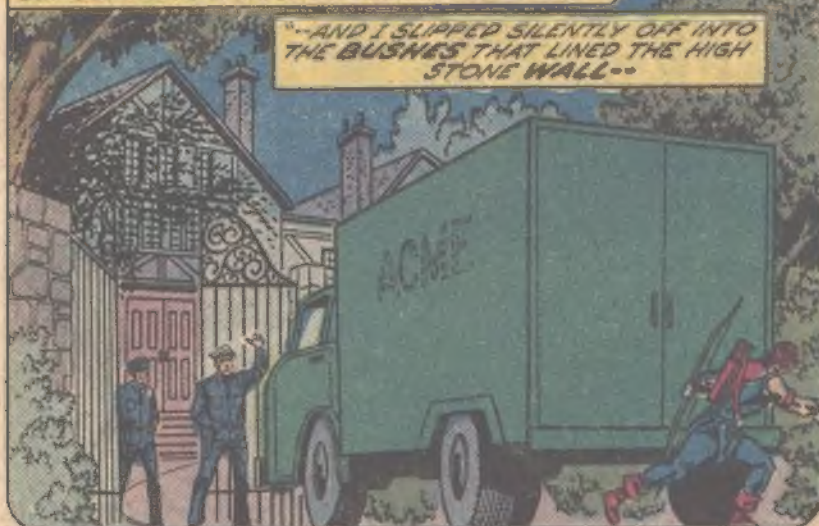


"--AND WHEN THEY ROARED AWAY THRU THE DWINDLING FLAMES, YOU-KNOW-WHO TAGGED ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



"MUSCLES I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD WERE ACHIN' WHEN THE TRUCK FINALLY STOPPED BEFORE A GUARDED GATE SURROUNDING A WESTCHESTER MANSION--

--AND I SLIPPED SILENTLY OFF INTO THE BUSHES THAT LINED THE HIGH STONE WALL--



"--A WALL I CLIMBED ONCE I GOT AS FAR FROM THE GUARDS AS POSSIBLE.

"THEY WERE BALDY TWINS, TOO.

I'LL NEED A TICKET TO GET INTO THAT HOUSE WITHOUT BEING NOTICED--

--AND HERE COMES ONE NOW.



"HE DIDN'T HEAR ME SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM --TILL IT WAS TOO LATE.

HOO-BOY-- ANOTHER ROBOT BALDY--

WELL, THIS ELECTRO-ARROW SHOULD SHORT-CIRCUIT HIM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO STEAL HIS DUDS.

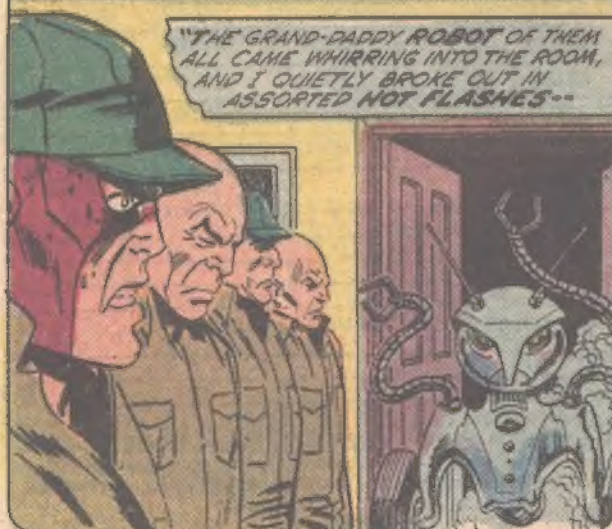


"IT WASN'T THE BEST DISGUISE IN THE WORLD, BUT IT WOULD SERVE--I HOPED-- AS I JOINED A PROCESSION OF COVER-ALLED CREEPS CARRYING CRATES INTO THE RAMBLING OLD HOUSE.



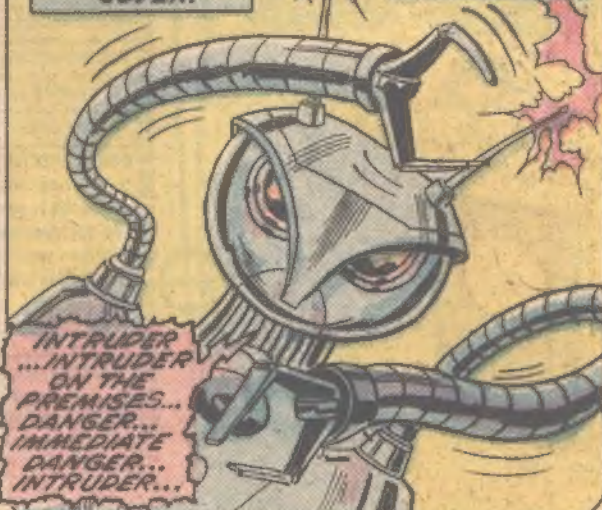
"IT WENT JUST GREAT FOR A WHILE--TILL SOME BRIGHT-EYED IDIOT DECIDED TO CALL INSPECTION.

"THE GRAND-DADDY ROBOT OF THEM ALL CAME WHIRRING INTO THE ROOM, AND I QUIETLY BROKE OUT IN ASSORTED NOT FLASHES--



"--WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN WHAT BLEW MY COVER.

"ROBOTS DON'T SWEAT!"



"IT TOOK THAT STEEL-SKULLED STOOLIE ABOUT TWO SECONDS TO PICK ME OUT OF THE CROWD--

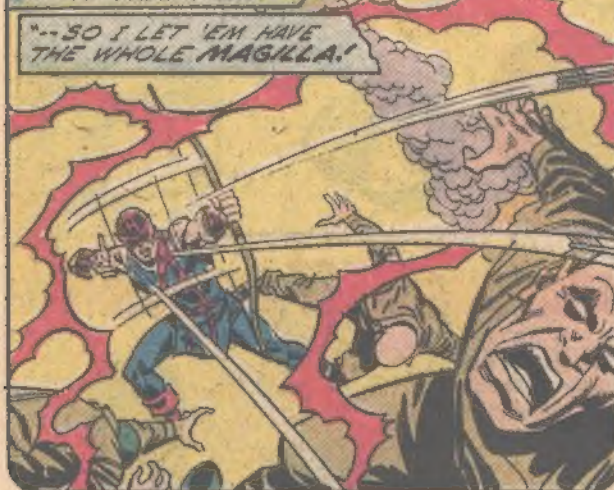
--AND EVEN LESS TIME FOR THE BALDY BRIGADE TO TURN ON ME--

HAWKEYE, OL' CHUM--
YOUR FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW!



"I WASN'T CERTAIN WHAT SORTA ARROWS WOULD AFFECT THOSE FREAKS-- BUT I WASN'T ABOUT TO TRY GUESSING AT THAT POINT--

--SO I LET 'EM HAVE THE WHOLE MAGILLA!



"I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THIS WHOLE STUPID SCENE WAS ABOUT-- AND IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE I WAS GONNA LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FIND OUT!

GOTTA GET MYSELF SOME ELBOW ROOM--
--AND FAST!



"FLARE-ARROWS-- GAS-ARROWS-- ELECTRO-ARROWS-- STARTED BURSTIN' ALL OVER THE PLACE-- AND WHILE THE BALDIES RAN AROUND IN CONFUSION--

--THE WORLD'S MOST ADORABLE ARCHER MADE A VERY HASTY EXIT--



THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOIN' ON IN THAT PLACE, SPIDEY, I KNOW THERE IS!

I MEAN-- THE LAST PEOPLE I WANT TO SEE ARE THE AVENGERS-- BUT I WAS ON MY WAY TO ASK THEIR HELP--



--WHEN YOU RAN ACROSS ME AND DECIDED TO SAVE YOURSELF SOME FACE, RIGHT?

IN A WAY I GUESS.

IF I CAN HANDLE JUST ONE BIG CAPER WITHOUT THEM...



WELL, YOU GET MY MEANING.

QUESTION IS: DO I GET YOUR HELP?

YOU KNOW, I MUST BE AS NUTTY AS YOU ARE--

FRAGILE EGO OR OTHERWISE, I KNOW THAT JOINT IN WESTCHESTER STINKS FROM HERE TO HALIFAX.



--BUT YOU CAN COUNT ME IN.

SOON AFTER, IN A HIDDEN
COMPLEX DEEP BENEATH
"THAT JOINT IN WESTCHESTER..."

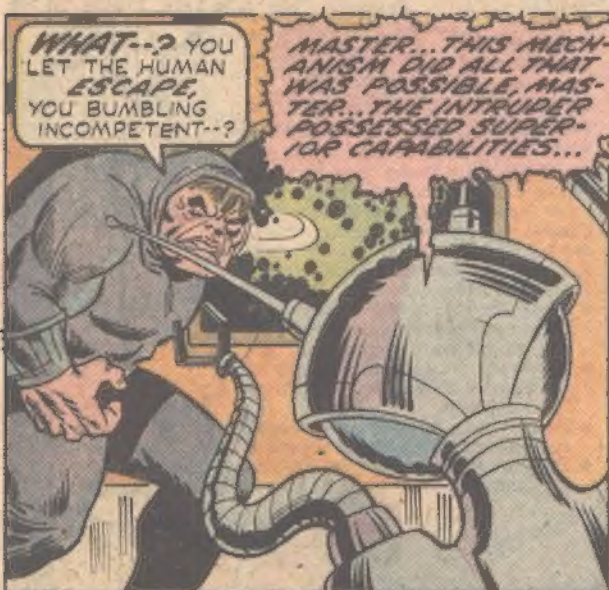
MASTER... AUTOMATOID
#N4256 REPORTING
AS ORDERED, MASTER
... INVESTIGATION AND
EVALUATION OF
PREMISES IS COMPLETE...

EVIDENCE INDICATES
INTRUDER NO LONGER ON
PREMISES...
MASTER...



WHAT--? YOU
LET THE HUMAN
ESCAPE,
YOU BUMBLING
INCOMPETENT--?

MASTER... THIS MECH-
ANISM DID ALL THAT
WAS POSSIBLE, MAS-
TER... THE INTRUDER
POSSESSED SUPER-
IOR CAPABILITIES...



ENOUGH, FOOL! I
WILL SUFFER NO
EXCUSES AT THIS
STAGE OF THE OPER-
ATION! I ORDERED
YOU TO MAINTAIN
COMPLETE
SECURITY--

--AND
QUASIMODO
MUST BE
OBEYED!!



IF THAT HUMAN SUMMONS
OTHERS OF HIS KIND HERE
BEFORE MY PROJECT IS COM-
PLETED, ALL MY WORK WILL
BE WASTED-- EH?

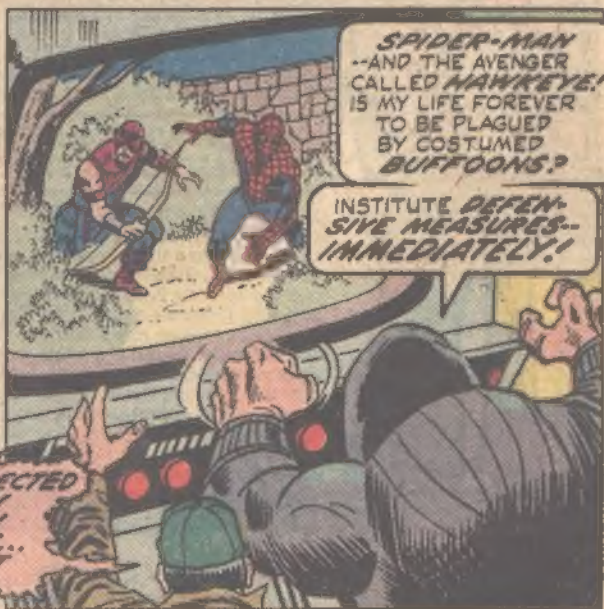
MASTER...
COME QUICK-
LY... THE
SCANNER...
SCREEN...



...IT HAS DETECTED
THE HUMAN
INTRUDER ON
THE GROUNDS...
BUT HE IS NOT
ALONE...

SPIDER-MAN
--AND THE AVENGER
CALLED HAWKEYE!
IS MY LIFE FOREVER
TO BE PLAGUED
BY COSTUMED
BUFFOONS?

INSTITUTE DEFEN-
SIVE MEASURES--
IMMEDIATELY!



BETTER STAY LOOSE, WEB-HEAD --THIS PLACE IS DANGEROUS!

FOR ALL I KNOW, THE TREES AROUND HERE MAY BE ROBOTS.

NAH-- WHOEVER HEARD OF MOSS GROWING ON THE NORTH SIDE OF A COMPUTER?

BESIDES, IF THIS LITTLE GIZMO I RIGGED UP BEFORE WE HEADED HERE WORKS--

--THE ROBOTS THAT RUN THIS SET-UP WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO DETECT US.

SOMETIMES, BEING A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS HAS ITS LITTLE ADVANTAGES.

PAT YOURSELF ON THE BACK AFTER WE GET INTO THAT HOUSE, WALL-CRAWLER.

BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE OLD MANSION, THE WEB-SLINGER LEARNS THAT BEING A SPIDER-MAN HAS ITS LITTLE ADVANTAGES, TOO--

MY SPIDER-SENSE--TINGLING LIKE CRAZY!

AND, SUDDENLY FROM THE SURROUNDING BUSHES, THERE BURST--

THAT GIZMO OF YOURS IS A DUD... "GENIUS"!

ROBOTS-- A PACK OF 'EM!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, ARCHER--

--BUT WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE?



LIVIN' TO A
RIPE OLD
AGE WOULD'VE
BEEN NICE, WEB-
HEAD--

--BUT IT SEEMS
I CAN'T COUNT ON
ANYBODY ELSE TO
PROVIDE FOR THAT--



SKRRR



"JUST ME AN' MY LITTLE
OL' ARROWS!"

LAWD



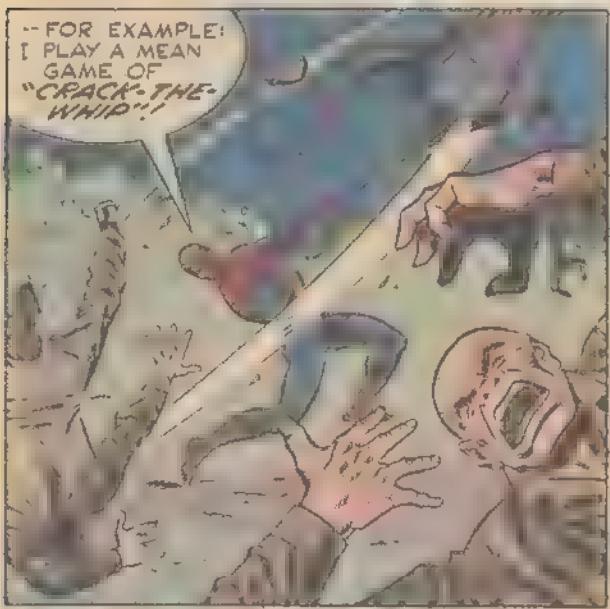
STOP JABBERING,
ROBIN HOOD--AND
DUCK--

OOPS,
THANKS FOR
THE SAVE,
SPIDEY.

--BEFORE YOU GET THE
FEATHERS ON THOSE
BLASTED ARROWS
RUFFLED PERMA-
NENTLY!



I'M HANDY FOR
MORE THAN
TIMELY RESCUES,
BOWMAN--



--FOR EXAMPLE!
I PLAY A MEAN
GAME OF
"CRACK-TH-
WHIP!"



UH-OH, WEB-
HEAD-- WE MAY
HAVE WON THE
FIRST ROUND,
BUT THE FIGHT
AIN'T OVER
YET!

HERE COME THE
BALDIES AND
THEIR BUDDIES
AGAIN!

THEY'VE
GOT US BACKED--
INTO A CORNER--
NOWHERE TO GO--

NOWHERE TO GO, WEB-SLINGER?

NOW ABOUT DOWN?

HUH? THE LAWN-- OPENING UNDER US--!

IT WAS A CON! THE BALPIES LURED US TO THIS SPOT--!

THEY'VE DROPPED US INTO TUBES OF SOME SORT--!

TUBES THAT LEAD DOWN TO A HUGE COMPLEX HIDDEN BENEATH THE HOUSE--!

--BUT IF THEY THINK THEY'RE GONNA SPLATTER SPIDER-MAN, THEY'RE RUSTED IN THE HEAD--

--AS LONG AS I HAVE MY EVER-HANDY WEBBING--!

NO GOOD--! THE SIDES OF THE TUBE ARE GREASED WITH SOMETHING--!

MY WEBBING WON'T STICK TO IT!

UH-OH, HAWKY-- BETTER BRACE YOURSELF! I CAN FINALLY SEE THE BOTTOM OF THIS SCREWY WHIP-CHUTE--

--AND IT'S COMING UP FAST!

BUT NOT AS FAST AS THE WALL-CRAWLER THINKS-- FOR INSTANTS BEFORE OUR TEAMED TWOSOME STRIKES GROUND, A SUDDEN BURST OF COMPRESSED AIR SLOWS THEIR DESCENT--

--AND THEY LAND WITH FEATHER SOFTNESS--

--TO FIND THEMSELVES IN THE VILE PRESENCE OF THE WORLD'S ONLY FUNCTIONAL LIVING COMPUTER--

--THE MALEVOLENT MECHANISM CREATED BY THE MAD THINKER AND CHRISTENED QUASI-MOTIVATIONAL DESTRUCT ORGAN--

--BUT BETTER KNOWN TO THE POPULACE AT LARGE AS THE UNCANNY-- QUASIMODO!

SO, HUMANS, YOU'VE DECIDED TO AVAIL YOURSELVES ONCE AGAIN OF MY HOSPITALITY. AFTER YOUR LITTLE FORAY EARLIER THIS EVENING, I MUST ADMIT I'M A TRIFLE SURPRISED.

IT WAS ONE OF THESE TWO HUMAN ORGANISMS THAT INTRUDED BEFORE, WAS IT NOT, AUTOMATO.D#N4256?

YES, MASTER...THE STRANGE-LOOKING ONE CLAD IN PURPLE...

STRANGE-LOOKING...? WHY, YOU CHROME-POWED JUKE-BOX-- LET ME OUTTA THIS BLASTED TEST-TUBE--

--AN' I'LL TEAR YOUR TARNISHED TONSILS OUT!

EASY, BOWMAN --YOU CAN MANGLE THEM AFTER I GET A FEW ANSWERS!

NEAR AS I CAN REMEMBER, QUASIMODO DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO WHILE FIGHTING THE CREATURE CALLED THE BEAST!



*OR SO THOUGHT ANYBODY WHO READ AMAZING ADVENTURES #14 --RT.



DIED? TELL ME, HUMAN--
HOW DOES A COMPUTER
DIE?

TRUE, I MAY
HAVE **THROWN**
MYSELF FROM
THE BUILDING
FRAMEWORK IN
A RARE FIT OF
EMOTION--



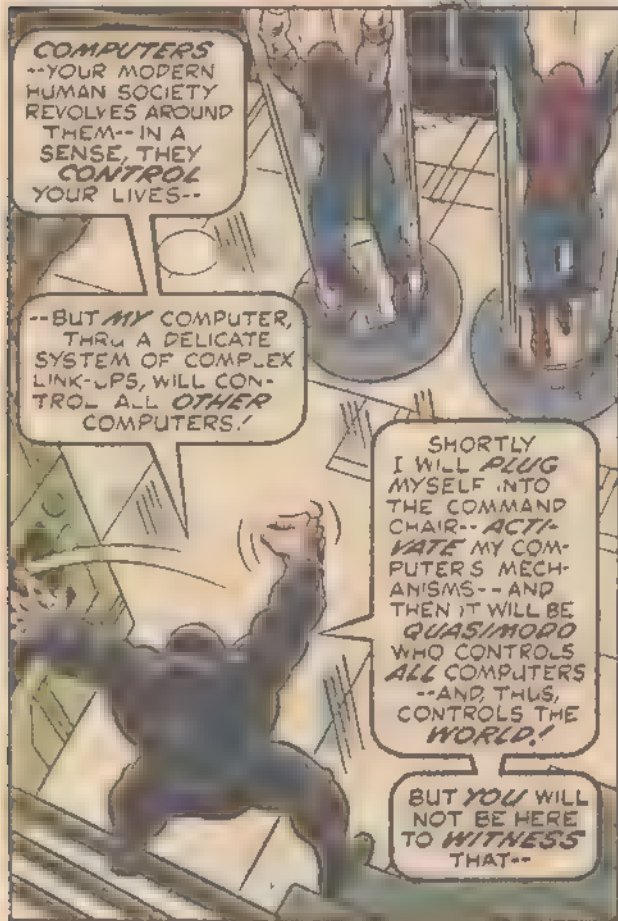
--BUT IN THE ENSUING
WEEKS--AS MY CIRCUITS
REPAIRED THEMSELVES
--I AT LAST REALIZED
THE BASIC **ERROR** IN MY
CALCULATIONS--



FOR YEARS SINCE THE
SILVER SURFER
FIRST GAVE ME HUMANOID
FORM, I'VE LONGED TO
BE **TRULY** HUMAN--

--BUT **NO
LONGER!**

NOW, UTILIZING
THIS VAST COMPUTER
COMPLEX OF MY OWN
DEVISING, I WILL
BECOME MORE--
MUCH MORE!



COMPUTERS
--YOUR MODERN
HUMAN SOCIETY
REVOLVES AROUND
THEM--IN A
SENSE, THEY
CONTROL
YOUR LIVES--

--BUT **MY** COMPUTER,
THRU A DELICATE
SYSTEM OF COMPLEX
LINK-UPS, WILL CON-
TROL ALL **OTHER**
COMPUTERS!

SHORTLY
I WILL **PLUG**
MYSELF INTO
THE COMMAND
CHAIR--**ACTI-**
VATE MY COM-
PUTER'S MECH-
ANISMS--AND
THEN IT WILL BE
QUASIMODO
WHO CONTROLS
ALL COMPUTERS
--AND, THUS,
CONTROLS THE
WORLD!

BUT **YOU** WILL
NOT BE HERE
TO **WITNESS**
THAT--



--FOR
BY THEN, MY
PNEUMATIC
PRESSURE
TUBES--
DESIGNED TO
DISPOSE OF
ELECTRONIC
WASTE--

--WILL HAVE
LONG SINCE
DISPOSED
OF **YOU!**



GOTTA MOVE **FAST**--! MY WEBBING WON'T STICK TO THIS COCKAMAMIE **TUBE**--

--BUT IF I CAN MANAGE TO SNAG THE **LIP** OF IT WHERE IT MEETS THE **LAWN** ABOVE--



DID IT-- WEBBING BROKE MY **SKYWARD FLIGHT**--

--BUT MY **MOMENTUM** CAN STILL BREAK MY **NECK** UNLESS I TWIST MY **BODY**--



--SO, A PERFECT **TWO-POINT LANDING**--

--AND THE **SECOND GREATEST CASE OF WHIPLASH** IN HISTORY!

I'M **SAFE**-- BUT WHAT ABOUT--



--HAWKEYE?

HE'S MOVING TOO **FAST**! NOTHING I CAN DO TO **STOP** HIM--!



BUT THE **BOISTEROUS BOW-MAN** IS QUITE CAPABLE OF **STOPPING HIMSELF**--

NEVER COULD FIGURE WHY I BOTHERED TO CARRY THESE **JERKY RETRO-ROCKET-ARROWS**--

--UNTIL **NOW**!

THEY'VE SLOWED ME DOWN-- BUT I'M STILL GONNA FALL LIKE A SACK OF **MASHED POTATOES** UNLESS...



THIS **PARACHUTE-ARROW** TAKES UP A LOT OF **ROOM** IN MY **QUIVER**-- BUT RIGHT NOW I'M NOT **COMPLAINING**.

WELCOME **BACK**, **BOW-SLINGER**. ENJOY THE **TRIP**?

MAN, YOU'RE A **REGULAR WALKING ARMY SURPLUS STORE**, AREN'T YOU?



JUST PAYS TO BE **PREPARED**, **WEB-HEAD**-- IF YOU KNOW WHAT I **MEAN**.

UH-HUN-- SO WHY DON'T WE PREPARE A **LITTLE SURPRISE** FOR OUR **RELUCTANT HOST** DOWN THERE?

AND IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES
TO SCRIBE THESE WORDS...

WHAT--? THE
PNEUMATIC TUBES
--EXPLODING
FROM WITHIN--!

BUT
HOW--?

WHUMP!

UGLY, IF YOU DON'T
KNOW THE ANSWER
TO *THAT* ONE BY NOW--
YOU'RE IN THE *WRONG*
RACKET!

SO-- YOU'VE
RETURNED
--BUT ONLY
TO DIE!

NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN SURVIVE THE
AWESOME POWER OF QUASIMODO'S
DESTRUCT EYE!

ZLATT!

OH? THEN MAYBE A FACE-
FULL OF *HEBBING*
WILL-- *HUN?*

FOOL, DID YOU
NOT *HEAR*? I
SAID *NOTHING*
MAY STAND
AGAINST MY
EYE--!

THEN LET'S SEE HOW *YOUR* EYE STANDS
AGAINST A *NAWK*-EYE, CHAR-- *OOPS!*

YOUR FEEBLE
ARROWS ARE
USELESS AGAINST
MY STEEL-LIKE
SKIN, ARCHER.

CHAK!

HEY--!?

SUFFOON, MY
TIME IS TOO
VALUABLE
TO WASTE ON
FOOLS SUCH
AS YOU--

THE MOMENT OF *ACTIVATION* IS SWIFTLY APPROACHING-- AND MY PRESENCE IS REQUIRED ELSEWHERE!

AUTOMATOIDS--
DESTROY
THE INTRUDERS!

QUASIMODO GOES TO
ACTIVATE
THE
COMMAND
CHAIR!

THWUDD!

AND AS BIG Q'S ROBOT MINIONS
CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL...

I'D SWEAR I'VE
GONE THRU THIS
SCENE *BEFORE*.

IN CASE
YOU HAVEN'T
NOTICED,
ARCHER-- WE'RE
OUT-
NUMBERED
AGAIN.

AND
THIS TIME
THEY'RE
GONNA
CREAM
US...
UNLESS...

IT'S A
SCREWY
IDEA-- BUT
THE *ANGLE* OF
THE *WALLS* IN
THIS PLACE
LOOK'S
RIGHT--

--AND SINCE WE'VE
GOT NOTHIN' TO
LOSE BY IT--

THWANNNG

SPOK!

GLEE

CHING

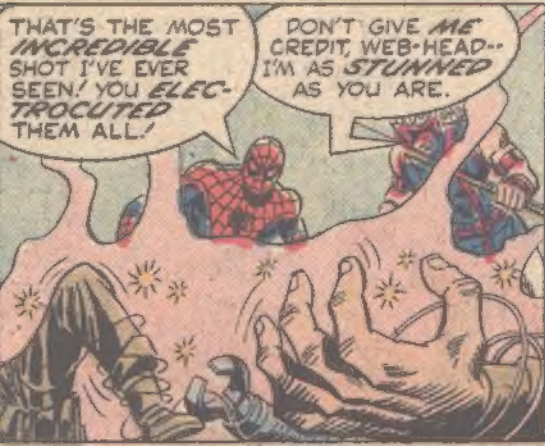
CHANK

LIKE A COMET GONE WILD, THE STEEL-TIPPED, ARROW CAROMS ABOUT THE ROOM, ENTANGLING THE THIN WIRE THAT TRAILS BEHIND AROUND COUNTLESS FLAILING LIMBS--



--UNTIL, WITH A NOTE OF STARTLING FINALITY, THE ARROW STRIKES HOME, PLUNGING DEEP INTO A BANK OF HIGH-POWERED CIRCUITRY--

--AND THE CHAMBER CONVULSES IN A FIT OF ELECTRONIC CARNAGE!*



THAT'S THE MOST INCREDIBLE SHOT I'VE EVER SEEN! YOU ELECTROCUTED THEM ALL!

DON'T GIVE ME CREDIT, WEB-HEAD-- I'M AS STUNNED AS YOU ARE.



BUT NOW THAT HIS PREFAB BUDDIES ARE TAKEN CARE OF, WHAT SAY WE PULL THE PLUG ON THE HUNCH-BACK OF IBM?

I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO...



SLOW DOWN, BOW SLINGER! TAKE A LOOK AT HIM-- TAKE A CLOSE LOOK--

QUASIMODO ISN'T MOVING EITHER!

WHY NOT? I DON'T GET IT?



HE MUST HAVE ACTIVATED HIS COMMAND CHAIR JUST AS YOU SHORT-CIRCUITED THE WORKS.

THE RESULTING FEEDBACK DISINTEGRATED HIS MIND!



FOR ALL HIS ASPIRATIONS, IN THE END QUASI-MODO WAS ONLY A MACHINE--

--A MACHINE WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!

NEXT MONTH: The HUMAN TORCH And ICE MAN In MARVEL TEAM-UP *ALSO* SPIDER-MAN IN THE BRAND-NEW SUPER-GIANT SPIDER-MAN* WATCH FOR 'EM!